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PHILOSOPHICAL EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.

It has been quite fashionable with some to denounce metaphysical study and research, as tending to skepticism and infidelity; and it must be confessed that heretofore philosophy has proved to be no handmaid to spiritual Christianity. Others have condemned intellectual studies as useless, on the ground that the truths and knowledge contained in them, from their very nature, can receive no application such as will affect the life or conduct or character of man.

Both these objections can receive an answer by a consideration of the intimate and necessary relation which true philosophy bears to the Christian religion. The revelations and teachings of the sacred Scriptures have put at rest those questions, concerning the nature and attributes of God, the origin of the world, the origin of evil, and the means for the attainment of ultimate happiness, with which the old metaphysical theories were occupied, and from which they derived their formal character; and modern philosophy is chiefly occupied with the problem of humanity—the phenomena and laws of the human mind. Reflection is the instrument, and the realm of consciousness, with all the varied forms of life, motion and action of the living soul, the province of philosophy of the present day. Modern philosophy is psychology, the logos of spirit; and every manifestation of spiritual life, every phenomena or condition of human consciousness must be recognized and have its appropriate place assigned to it in the classification of mental phenomena; nothing is to be hypothetically assumed, and nothing having real existence in the mind is to be overlooked or left out. Such is the province, and such the conditions of a philosophy corresponding to the actual condition of our being—in other words, true philosophy.

Under this aspect, it is readily seen that philosophical systems have an intimate relation to Christianity, and must exert a determinative influence in giving character to the Christian system as it exists in individual minds; and that, if true, they will furnish facts in attestation of the truth of the Christian religion, tending to confirm the faith of the believer, and to bring over to the faith those skeptically inclined. For real Christianity is essentially connected with humanity. It is based on certain assumed facts of human consciousness, and depends upon them for its validity. Such are the facts of the moral derangement of our being, which stands to the Christian system in the relation of a first principle, of conscious guilt and separation from God as the source of light and happiness, and of spiritual illuminations, convictions and teachings, which the power and vitality of Christianity consist. And all that Christianity proposes to effect are changes in and upon the mind of man. The realm of consciousness is the field of its influence and operation. As a system of living truth, it begins and terminates there. Christianity then is psychological in its natural designs and ends. It here occupies common ground with philosophy; and true philosophy, therefore, that which shall unfold and present the actual conditions, wants and manifestations of the living spirit, will and must contain convincing proofs and evidences in support of the principles and doctrines of our holy religion.

Human consciousness, as it seems to me, is the ground in which exist and the source from whence are to be derived the most irrefragable arguments in support of the truthfulness of the Christian system. Here are to be found all those facts concerning the nature of man, which the system of the Gospel implies or asserts; and upon which it is based; here are to be found those wants and longings of the spirit, which this system proposes to supply or remove; here are to be found those intuitions of the Spirit and those illuminations from on high, through which we are enabled to see and know the adaptation of this system to the present state and circumstances of our being, and this constitutes its truth for us. These mental facts then, philosophically presented, or systematically recognized in treatises upon mental science, would at once render philosophy Christian, and furnish the strongest ground of argument in support and defence of Christianity itself. Such evidences, too, would be level to the capacity of every man possessed of a rational soul, and have an effect to silence the cavillings of "infidel philosophers" by meeting them upon their own ground.

This method of defence of the Gospel system has, however, never been pursued; but the whole field of metaphysical science has been abandoned to our opponents, who have not failed to avail themselves of all the advantages of this position thus needlessly and unwisely surrendered to them. Another method of argument and defence has been adopted, less appealing to the practical reason, and less convincing to the rational understanding. Thus in treatises on the "evidences of Christianity," we have those evidences served up to us under the three-fold division of internal, external and collateral; all of which, except miracles and prophecies, are inferential and indirect, and all addressed to the logical reason. And these evidences addressed to the logical reason are relied upon as being the strongest proofs in the support of our religion. But to my mind they are not so. They may serve to answer historical objections put forth by the tribe of petty infidels, and to prepare the mind to enter upon a candid and earnest examination of the Christian system, as well as to receive and feel the force of those higher internal evidences existing in the mind of every man; but they can hardly prepare the mind for that act of living faith, by which the soul appropriates the promised blessings of the scheme to its spiritual health and comfort. At least they are not necessary to prepare the mind for this act. This can be put forth without any conviction produced by such evidences. And yet faith is an act subsequent to reason. The mind must first be convinced of the divine truth of the Scriptures, and the absolute reality of the Christian scheme, before it can exercise that highest function of the Spirit, faith in the promises of the one, and the real spiritual provisions of the other.

Since then a well grounded faith is based on reason, and he only can exercise an evangelical faith who has first been convinced upon rational grounds of the truth of the Scriptures and the divine reality of the Christian scheme, what becomes of the faith of the great majority of the Christian church since its institution, if the sole, or chief grounds of such rational conviction consist of historical and logical evidences? Surely their faith must have been, either weak or vain, since these evidences are of such a character as can only be discovered and appreciated by those possessing leisure and learning; while the vast majority of the church of the past and the present, is made up of the poor and unlettered, who have neither time nor ability to analyze and judge upon the historical testimony going to establish the truth of the Scripture records. And yet the religion of the Gospel has been and is emphatically the religion of the poor and unlearned; and in those times that try men's souls and test the sincerity of men's convictions and professions—in times of persecution and trial, they have manifested as ardent attachment to the cause of Christianity, and as strong confidence in the word of God as the more learned and educated believer. So of the church of the present day, perhaps nine tenths of it never exercised the proofs of the institutions of Christianity as historical facts, nor the Scriptures, as adequate and unadulterated records of such facts; nor indeed ever felt the necessity of entering into such an examination, in order to satisfy themselves of the divine authenticity of the Scripture writings; and yet they manifested as commendable a zeal, and exercise as pure a devotion as those who can repeat from memory the whole of "Paley's Evidences of Christianity." If then, as we have said, the reason must be convinced before faith can spring up in the mind, there must be other and more operative sources of rational conviction of the truth of the Christian religion than those of an historical and logical character; since without the aid of the latter thousands have and still do exercise a pure and living faith in Christ and his Gospel. And these more operative sources of rational conviction are those of a psychological nature; which have been kept indeed from being systematically recognized by the unspiritual and dogmatical nature of our philosophy and the consequent forms of theorizing, but yet have operated with a silent, deep and powerful influence in attesting and corroborating to the reason of man the truths of the Christian system. They are the conscious wants, aspirations and intuitions of the Spirit, which are developed in the processes of the interior life. Let every Christian believer call back to remembrance and reflect upon his own experience in this behalf, and let him say what prepared his mind to exercise that faith in Christ which brought healing and joy and peace like a river to his heart? Was it an investigation of the prophecies, which by their complete fulfillment gave a divine sanction to the prophecies themselves, as well as to the events to which they related; or, was it an examination of the proofs of the miracles performed by Christ and his apostles, which imparted divine authority to the doctrines and teachings promulgated by them? Nay, I will venture to affirm, it was no such examination, nor any considerations growing out therefrom, that prepared his mind for that act of entire surrender of self, and of entire reliance upon the word of God, which brings repose and health to the unquiet and disordered spirit. But it was an examination of his own heart, a going down into the interior depths of the soul by the power of reflection, and by the light of God's word discovering there its spiritual condition, its wants and longings, its hopes and fears, which enabled him to see and feel that Christ was no illusion, and the system of the Gospel no fiction, but a substantial reality, devised by God to save his soul alive. By such a process it is that the soul is brought to exercise saving faith in the Christian system. And thus it is that Christianity carries its own evidence with it, sufficient to convict all who will but take the pains to know themselves. Let then these interior, psychological conditions and facts, through which the simple, unaided word of God finds a response in the human soul, receive their due share of attention and their appropriate place in systematic treatises upon the mind, and they will constitute a class of evidences most potent and convincing in support of the truth of the Christian religion.

South Newmarket, N. H.

For the Herald and Journal.

MINISTERS SHOULD BE MEN OF ONE WORK.

Every minister, who becomes a member of a Conference of the M. E. Church, declares himself resolved to devote himself wholly to God and his work. He is sent into the field and expected to give himself wholly to the work of the ministry. The people to whom he is sent expect him to spend the year in the vineyard of the Lord. We fear that all engagements are not met, and all expectations are not realized in this respect. Some spend portions of the year in common school teaching; others in teaching music; and others still in lecturing upon subjects more popular than that of the cross. Though many excuses are offered, many reasons assigned, and many efforts made to justify this course, yet I think it tends to embarras the ministry and retard the work of God.

In almost every community, there are more or less who look upon the itinerant minister with an evil eye. They are constantly seeking some cause of accusation against him, and their hearts rise up in opposition to him as a teacher. When he enters the school-room they are resolved, as much as were the enemies of Daniel, to find some cause of complaint against him. Entering upon the work of teaching under such circumstances, though he manage ever so prudently and labor ever so faithfully, he is liable to have his character injured, and his influence in the vicinity as a minister destroyed. Though some sustain a good reputation as teachers and experience no evil results, others have brought trouble upon their own heads, caused divisions in the church, and created prejudices against the ministry that years have not removed, by leaving the sacred pulpit for the common desk of the school-room.

The teacher of music is in circumstances but little if any better. The minister will be likely to add but little to his influence by advertising himself as a teacher of music, and spending his evenings in a singing school. The business, in itself, like that of common school teaching, may be both profitable and honorable, yet it may not pertain to the office and work of the ministry. It will not be likely to be considered a proof of his devotedness to the cause of God, and his love to the true work of his profession. Learning to sing will be of little advantage to those who sing in this life only—those who lose the spirit of singing at the grave!

Certainly no one will contend that he has not labor upon his charge sufficient to demand all his time and all his talents. Are all of the church holy in heart and in life? Are there no wanderers from the fold of Christ? Are there none within the limits of the charge still in the broad road to death? Who leaves his charge, at the close of one or two years, feeling that he has done all that he might have done, in his specific and appropriate work of winning souls to Christ?

So many branches of business carried on at the same time affects the minister unfavorably, and calls him from his work at times when the

special influences of the spirit of God upon the people invite him to increased efforts. On this account the church suffers; and souls just ready to step into the kingdom, and who probably would, with a little encouragement, so do, are left to go back to sin, and perhaps down to hell. When God is reviving his work, and penitent souls are weeping before the throne of grace, the minister must leave the house of God to meet his engagements with his singing school. Perhaps his time at the same place is divided between the science of the cross and that of music; and one evening he meets the penitents and young converts, and the next his singing school in the same room. Will the singing school be likely to deepen religious impressions upon the serious mind, and strengthen the young convert to bear the cross? Is the appointment of a singing school, by the minister in the midst of a revival, comforting to the heart of the devoted Christian who has been pleading long with God, with anxious heart and weeping eyes, for a visitation of his grace?

It not only calls the minister from his work a portion of his time, but it is likely to diminish his interest and proportionally weaken the efforts he does make. It is hardly possible for a minister to leave his charge, especially during a revival, spend his evenings at different places in singing schools, and feel the same interest for his people, keep burning in his own soul the spirit of revival, and with the same zeal and vigor urge sinners to the cross and penitent souls to the pardoning mercy of God, that he would giving his whole heart and all his time to the work.

Though they frequently resort to these means hoping to improve their pecuniary circumstances, it is calculated to operate against the support of the ministry. If the minister devotes a portion of his time to teaching, the people will be likely to think, and perhaps properly, that his claims for support upon them are proportionally diminished. Perhaps many who are not members of the church will think, or pretend to think, his receipts from such sources sufficient to free them from all obligations. People will be led to expect the minister to employ a portion of his time in some other business to support himself and his family, and thus the receipts of the ministry be diminished.

There are, probably, but few who devote themselves wholly to the work of the ministry, who do not pass through this life comfortably; and there would be less still if it were known that the entire ministry depended wholly upon the people with whom they labor in the Gospel for a supply of their pecuniary wants.

It is enough for one man to preach the unsearchable riches of the Gospel of Christ; and it will afford him, I doubt not, no small degree of happiness in the hour of death, at the day of judgment, and through eternity, to know that all his faculties, and all his time, after he entered the ministry, were consecrated to this great work!

Down East, April 12.

THE SAILOR BOY AND THE BIBLE.

At a village in Warwickshire, England, a few pious people were in the habit of meeting at an early hour on the Sabbath-day for prayer and praise. Returning from one of these meetings, a Christian female, observed a poor sailor sitting by the way-side, with his Bible and his hymn-book in his hand, as if waiting for the time of divine worship. She invited him to her house, when he gave the following account of himself and his Bible:

He was born in America; at twelve years of age he left home. A father's and a mother's tears were unheeded. He embarked on the wide ocean, and soon met with many dangers from tempests and battles with the enemy. One night a dreadful storm arose, and the ship became unmanageable, and in the morning an awful scene presented itself; every person on board had been swept away by the waves breaking over the ship, and he found himself the only living person upon a vessel going to pieces!

The poor boy, finding that he must leave the sinking vessel, put as much money in the pocket of his jacket as he could. He had likewise a treasure, which, though he was ignorant of its real worth, yet he prized as having belonged to his mother—it was a Bible. When he left home, at twelve years of age, he determined to take something that should put him in mind of her. He had, as he said, no love for the book, and but little knowledge of it; but it was his mother's.

Where is the boy whose heart does not melt in tenderness when he thinks of his mother? In the hours of sickness or of sorrow, the love and faithfulness of a mother are very dear to the heart. Our sailor, in all his wanderings had preserved his Bible; it was a small one, and he easily kept it within the bosom of his jacket. Having made this preparation, and judging that the wreck could be no longer a place of safety, he committed himself to the waves, hoping to be able to swim to the land; but alas! land was very far off. He continued swimming for a long time, but finding the treasure he had about him added greatly to his fatigue, he cast away his Bible, which, notwithstanding his wish to preserve it, he thought he could most easily do without.

"Yes," said he, when mentioning the circumstance, "Yes, I threw from me the Bible; I cast it into the waters, being sorry only because it had belonged to my mother; I knew it not as containing the pearl of great price. But though I had thus far lightened myself, the money still weighed rather heavily; yet being unwilling to part with it, I tried all my strength and continued swimming. After some time when I must have made considerable way, I turned to see whether my Bible was in sight, though I could not suppose it possible, even from the distance, and thought, indeed, that it had sunk into the waters, but to my great surprise, I found it borne up by a wave, and now close to my shoulder. My very heart thrilled with joy. I seized my precious book, and could not help crying out, 'O my Bible! so you would not leave me, though I cast you away; well then, come what will, you and I will never part.' Gladly did I put it into my jacket, and then empty my pockets of my money, which, being the greater of it, was bulky as well as heavy."

At length he reached a rock, which raised his head just above the water; upon this he scrambled, thankful to rest his weary limbs upon it. A few crumbs of biscuit, which he had in his pocket, although soaked, afforded him a scanty, but welcome refreshment. His Bible, so wonderfully preserved, became, in such circumstances, still dearer to him; he carefully pressed out the water, and opening it, these words met his eye, and fixed his attention, "Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way,"

when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him."

He stretched himself upon his rocky bed; sleep weighed down his eyelids, and tired nature sunk to rest; but the words still seemed sounding in his ears. He was afraid the merciful Saviour would, in his case, cease to be merciful.

His situation was dangerous in the extreme, but the Lord heard his cry, and sent him help. A ship hove in sight, bound on her homeward voyage to Liverpool. What now was his joy! with what anxiety did he strain his eyes to watch the coming vessel! and with what dread did he think of being passed unseen! A fresh breeze had sprung up, and the vessel was going very fast through the water. He had passed two long days here, and was suffering from raging thirst. He had scarce strength enough to wave his handkerchief. Happily, it was perceived. A boat was sent off, and he taken on board the vessel.

Now, rested and refreshed, he soon regained his strength; and with a grateful heart poured forth his thanksgivings to God, and renewed vows ever to be the Lord's. At length he was landed safe at Liverpool, and was now pursuing his way to London.—London Teacher's Offering.

DEATH OF WM. TRUE, SEN.

We referred last week to late instances of the decease of our older brethren of both the ministry and laity. The following letter from Prof. True, will convey the melancholy intelligence of another case. Mr. True was extensively known to the Methodists of New England, especially in the vicinity of Boston, and as extensively esteemed as known.—EDITOR.

DEAR BRO. STEVENS.—A few days ago, I received a letter from my brother, conveying the unexpected and mournful intelligence of the decease of our dear and venerated father, on the 5th inst., at his residence in Ottawa, La Salle Co., Illinois. He took a severe cold on Sunday, which resulted in a lung fever, and terminated his life on Friday following. He suffered but little pain, and died without a struggle. A short time before he died, he requested his favorite hymn to be sung:—

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand," to which he responded fervently; and his last words were,

"Jesus can make a dying bed. Feel soft as downy pillows are, While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweetly there."

His end was such as we have anticipated after having seen him for more than forty years walking with God, as an humble, earnest, trusting disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. I have not now the data for accurately sketching his biography; but I will add, that he was born in Salisbury, Mass., and was a descendant of one of the early settlers of Massachusetts. During his boyhood he removed with his father's family to Durham, Me., where he resided until after his majority, when he commenced business in Portland. There he was converted under the labors of the early Methodist preachers. While a resident in Portland he established a branch of his business at Alexandria, Va., where for several years he was in the habit of spending the winter season. Afterwards he removed to Boston, where he resided twenty years. A sudden change in the commercial world suddenly stripped him of his wealth and compelled him to resort to the West to procure a livelihood. By the blessing of God upon his skill and industry in trade, he so far repaired his fortune as once more to be surrounded with plenty if not affluence. Through all the vicissitudes of his life he unwaveringly trusted in Providence, and I never heard him murmur or complain in the most trying scenes. His attachment to the church was deep and constant, and his last days were crowned with a successful effort to procure means to erect a church in the village where he ended his earthly pilgrimage. I need not describe to you his character; you knew him well, and loved him, as did all his brethren. My gushing feelings forbid me to say more. Adieu. Most truly your friend,

CHARLES K. TRUE.

Middletown, Conn., April 19.

For the Herald and Journal.

APPEAL

TO THE FRIENDS OF PEACE IN THE UNITED STATES.

The eminent success which attended the Peace Congress at Paris in August last, and the important influence it exerted upon the public sentiment of Europe, have determined the friends of the cause to hold a similar Congress at Frankfort on the Maine, in Germany, the ensuing August.

The people of Britain and France are entering into this movement with great spirit, and taking measures to secure large Delegations of able and efficient men, to represent them in that Congress; and it is now confidently expected that most of the principal nations of Europe will be well represented there. As the movement for the objects for which this Congress will be convened, chiefly originated in this country; and as the present state of feeling in these States is decidedly favorable to it, the friends of Peace in Europe look with great solicitude to these shores for encouragement and co-operation, and it seems highly desirable, that a numerous and respectable Delegation from the United States should appear in that Congress.

Impressed with these views, and to give them practical effect, a Committee has been formed, composed of an equal delegation from the American Peace Society, and the League of Universal Brotherhood, called "the Peace Congress Committee," a list of which we here subjoin, on which is devolved the whole charge of the promotion of international arbitration, or a Congress of Nations, which are the chief objects of consideration for the Congress at Frankfort. The Committee proceeded to their work,—first, by issuing an Address to the public, signed by their Chairman and Secretaries, which will be extensively circulated in the United States, and to which we refer you for more particular statement of the object and measures of the Committee.

It will be obvious to every intelligent man, that a work so extensive as this, and requiring such necessary outlays for printing and circulation of papers, expenses of traveling agents, &c., cannot be carried on without some pecuniary means; and there are some persons, of the greatest talents and zeal in this cause, who will readily give their time and exertions, as delegates to the proposed Congress, and who will be a credit to our country there, who cannot command the means for the necessary expenses of the journey. But the Peace Congress Committee have hitherto made no effort to raise money for this object, and are entirely destitute

of funds; and it is believed the heart of every benevolent friend of peace will revolt at the idea, that so noble and philanthropic an object shall be suffered to fail, merely for the want of the comparatively small contributions that may be required for its complete fulfillment. When thousands are bestowed by the benevolent for much inferior objects of charity, and millions are expended in useless military and demoralizing preparations for war, surely it is not too much to ask, that some hundreds may be spared for an object which will, in a great measure, supersede them all. Economy, therefore, as well as humanity, plead for your liberality.

For the purpose of devising the means of raising a fund for this object, the Peace Congress Committee have appointed the undersigned a Committee of Finance, and it becomes our first duty to issue this "Appeal" to the generosity of your hearts, and the sincerity of your desires, for universal peace, to aid us in our arduous work, according to your respective abilities. Any contributions may be remitted to the Treasurer of the Committee, Mr. E. W. Jackson, Boston, Ms.; or if forwarded to Thomas Drew, Jr., publisher of the Christian Citizen, Worcester, Mr. J. P. Blanchard, Boston, or Lewis Tappan, Esq., New York, they will be handed to the Treasurer.

Praying that the God of love may direct your hearts, means and exertions to the universal peace and brotherhood of mankind, and that you may consequently enjoy the title and happiness ascribed by Christ to the Peace-makers,

We are very respectfully,
AMASA WALKER, } Committee
DANIEL SHARP, } of
J. P. BLANCHARD, } Finance.
Boston, March, 1850.

PEACE CONGRESS COMMITTEE.

From Am. Peace Soc. From League U. B.
Charles Sumner, Esq., Hon. Amasa Walker,
Rev. D. Sharp, D. D., Elihu Burritt,
J. P. Blanchard, Rev. T. W. Holland,
Rev. J. D. Bridge, E. W. Jackson,
Rev. G. C. Bridgith, Rev. Edw. E. Hale,
Geo. Merrill, Albert Tolman, Esq.

WHERE IS THE WILDERNESS?

At the beginning of this century it was in Ohio and Indiana. Twenty-five years afterwards it was in Michigan, Wisconsin, &c. Last year it was in Minnesota territory. Next year we shall have to seek it in Nebraska and around the Lake of the Woods.

Where the steamboat goes, there the wilderness disappears. And the steamboat is soon to startle the Indian and wake the echoes of the forest above the falls of St. Anthony; for a boat is now building there which the St. Paul Chronicle of the 19th January says, "is rapidly progressing." The time for launching her has even been fixed—as soon as the river is clear of ice." The builder hails from Bangor, Maine, the opposite extremity of the Union due east, and is said to be "a highly skillful workman." The dimensions of the craft are 108 feet long, 120 feet deep, 25 feet beam, and will draw twelve inches light. The machinery is in course of construction at Bangor, and will be at the Falls by the opening of navigation. Steam navigation "river trade" above the Falls of St. Anthony! Poetry may as well gather up its garments and emigrate from this land, unless it can be content to find its themes in the workshop and the crowded street.—Cincinnati Gazette.

BE WIDE AWAKE.

About any honest employment Providence throws in your way. Keep at it—heartily and earnestly at it. Don't slack up and be languid. Hold on. We will give you a dish of capital reasons and a variety of them.

1. That is the way to be happy. "I have lived," said Dr. Adam Clarke, "long enough to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of 'too many irons in the fire,' conveys an untruth. You cannot have too many—poker, tongs and all—keep them all going."

2. That is the way to accomplish a vast deal in a short life. The late Wm. Hazlitt remarked: "There is room enough in human life to crowd almost every art and science into it. The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have."

3. That is the way to be contented. The unemployed are always restless and uneasy. Occupation quiets the mind by giving it something to do. Idleness makes it, like an empty stomach, uneasy. The mate of a ship, having put everything to rights, called on the captain for what next should be done. "Tell them to scour the anchor was the reply, on the principle that occupation, however needless, saves from the discontent of idleness."

4. That is the way to keep out of bad company. He will *rove* who has not rest for his mind in some occupation. And roving he will fall in with other rovers. They are birds of a feather. And, as gathered burning brands augment the flame and heat, so do gathered rovers and loafers and idlers augment the taste and activity of each other's minds for evil doing.

5. That is the way to disappoint Satan. He comes up to the idler with assurance of a victim; from the well occupied he departs as a roaring lion robbed of his prey. The one welcomes, the other repulses him.

6. That is the way to pay due respect to counsel from the highest of all counsellors. "Diligent in business," says the Divine Record! Do something, therefore—the right thing—do it—keep on doing it. Be wide-awake about it.—Traveller.

MR. SEWARD'S SPEECH.

"The Constitution regulates our stewardship; the Constitution devotes the domain to union, to justice, to defence, to welfare, and to liberty. But there is a higher law than the Constitution which regulates our authority over the domain, and devotes it to the same noble purposes. The territory is a part, no inconsiderable part, of the common heritage of mankind, bestowed upon the earth by the Creator of the universe. We are his stewards, and must so discharge our trust as to secure, in the highest attainable degree, their happiness."

The press in the slave interest and the dough-face politicians are abusing Gov. Seward for uttering the above noble and Christian sentiment. Sir WILLIAM BLACKSTONE, in his "COMMENTARIES ON THE LAWS OF ENGLAND," Sect. 2 of the NATURE OF LAWS IN GENERAL, says:—

"This law of Nature being coeval with mankind, and dedicated by God himself, is of course superior in obligation to any other. It is binding over all the globe, in all countries, and at

all times. No human laws are of any validity if contrary to this, and such of them as are valid derive all their force and all their authority immediately or immediately from this original."

Perhaps Blackstone will be considered quite respectable authority by most people in spite of the holy horror of the dough-faces.—Boston Republican.

"I'VE DONE SMOKING."

Our friend delivered himself thus, honestly and in earnest. As he emptied his mouth of the last cigar, our mouth became full—full of blessings.

Blessed is the man himself. He is more wise, more cleanly, more savory and more reasonable than when he went smoking and puffing about like a locomotive.

Blessed is the man's wife. She is the happier woman for the four reasons mentioned in the last sentence, and for many more. She had hoped against hope for the last puff; but it has been made at last. We seem to see her face brighten—he step is more elastic—her voice is sweeter—her welcome to her husband as he reaches home is more cordial. She has our hearty congratulations.

Blessed is the man's house. An unsavory spirit has gone out of it. More easily can it be kept neat and tidy. Old repellencies will require no more.

Blessed is the man's apparel. A certain fragrance has left it; but not to the sorrow of those oft in proximity with him. His wardrobe is minus a real annoyance, and plus the benediction of many a friend.

And blessed is the man's health. In the smoke and fire he so long kept up beneath his nostrils, he fed an insidious enemy. And his whole nervous and digestive system unites in the benediction we now indite.

And blessed is the man's pocket. A leak is stopped. As much as before will flow in, and less flow out. We seem to hear a voice from that quarter, "there will be better days in the department of our master's resolutions."

And blessed be the man's dominion. May it tower aloft, like a granite pillar, above all the smoke and fire that may assail it. The last puff! Be it the last! And though the smokers will not join, yet there will be enough to unite in a hearty Amen!—Traveller.

LAWS OF HEALTH.

Children should be taught to use the left hand as much as and as well as the right. Coarse bread is much better for children than fine.

Children should sleep in separate beds, and should not wear night-caps.

Children under seven years of age should not be confined over six or seven hours in the house—and that time should be broken by frequent recesses.

Children and young people must be made to hold their heads up and shoulders back while standing, sitting, or walking. The best beds for children are of hair, or, in winter, of hair and cotton.

From one to one pound and a half of solid food is sufficient for a person in the ordinary vocation of business. Persons in sedentary employments should drop one-third of their food, and they will escape dyspepsia.

Young persons should walk at least two hours a day in the open air.

Young ladies should be prevented from bandaging the chest. We have known three cases of insanity terminating in death, which begun in this practice.

Every person, great and small, should wash all over in cold water every morning.

Reading aloud is conducive to health.

The more clothing we wear, other things being equal, the less food we need.

Sleeping-rooms should have a fire-place, or some mode of ventilation besides the windows. Young people and others cannot study much by lamp-light with impunity.

The best remedy for eyes weakened by night use, is a fine stream of cold water frequently applied to them.—London Lancet.

AMERICA.

Carlyle, in his last pamphlet, speaking of America, asks: "What great human soul, what great thought, what great human thing that one could worship or loyalty admire, has yet been produced there?"

"What great human soul?"

Washington.

"What great thought?"

Liberty.

"What great noble thing?"

A home for the homeless. Bread for the starving. Protection for the oppressed.

We do not know that these are things which *sympathants* could worship, or loyalty admire, but the fame of the first—the sacredness of the second, and the uncircumscribed extent of the third, are what *freemen* admire and intend to defend.—Parlor Journal.

HYDROPHOBIA NOT THE RESULT OF BITES.

The Westminster Review for January has an article upon epidemics, that contains much valuable information, with some speculations more ingenious than wise. It ridicules the idea that hydrophobia in human beings has any connexion with the bite of a mad dog, and contends that chemical analysis and experiment have proved that there is no poison in the saliva of a rabid animal. In the cities of the East, where dogs are permitted to run at large, and especially at Constantinople, where they form communities by themselves, and infest the streets night and day, the inhabitants do not suffer more from hydrophobia than in Western cities. There are more cases of the disease in January, and the smallest number in August, as appears from statistical tables. Not more than one in twenty-five of those bitten by mad dogs ever suffers by hydrophobia, and in that case the influence of fear upon the nerves may have been the cause; and the disease has frequently occurred in human beings where no possible connexion could be traced between the malady and any previous bite or scratch.

SIGNS OF RAIN.

The air, when dry, I believe, refracts more red, or heat-making rays; and as dry air is not perfectly transparent, they are again reflected in the horizon. I have generally observed a coppery or yellow sunset to foretell rain; but as an indication of wet weather approaching, nothing is more certain than a halo round the moon, which is produced by the precipitated water; and the larger the circle, the nearer the clouds, and consequently the more ready the fall.—Sir H. Davy.

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THE BEREAVED.

BY FREDERICK GARY.

From the Western Frontiers.
 When the first herald of the night
 Shone in the ether steadily,
 And gemmed with its uncertain light
 The trembling bosom of the sea;
 Down in a flowery, dewy dell,
 Fit for a lover's meeting-place,
 Its early radiance softly fell
 Upon a watcher's earnest face:
 A maiden o'er whose anxious brow
 Deeper and deeper shadows came,
 As now that first star, waning low,
 Burned with a paler, fainter flame.
 And could a lover thus delay,
 When fond eyes sadly looked and wept?
 Surely some spell hath turned away
 The feet for which that watch is kept.
 Alas! when swift was blent with song,
 Where the mirth winds unnumbered sped,
 He lingered o'er the wine-cup long,
 For whom those wretched tears were shed.
 O, fond, deluded, stricken one!
 Linger no longer with the night;
 Till all its weary hours are done
 No lover's form shall bless thy sight.
 No step will cheer thy sad heart now,
 Hastening to meet thee through the trees;
 No kisses soothe thy aching brow,
 But the cold kisses of the breeze!
 And, maiden, trust no more his vow,
 Turn from each fond dream of the past;
 Thy heart must bleed with anguish now,
 Or slowly, surely break at last.
 For he, who for the wine-cup's flow,
 Forsakes thy youth and loveliness,
 Will lighter leave thee in thy woe
 When years have made that beauty less.

From the Christian Citizen.

The following beautiful and appropriate lines were written by Dr. Roscoe, of Liverpool, on receiving from Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, a piece of the tree under which Wm. Penn made his treaty with the Indians. The tree had been blown down in 1812.

From clime to clime, from shore to shore,
 The wind flung his horrid yell,
 And amidst the storms which realms deplore,
 Penn's honored tree of concord fell.
 And of that tree that ne'er again
 Shall spring the reviving influence know,
 A relic, or the Atlantic's foam,
 Was sent—the gift of love to foe.
 But though no more its ample shade
 Wave green beneath Columbia's sky;
 Though every branch be now decayed,
 And all its scattered leaves be dry;
 Yet, midst the relics' sainted space,
 A health-restoring flood shall spring,
 In which the angel form of peace,
 May stoop to dip her dove-like wing.
 So once the staff the prophet bore,
 By wondering eyes again was seen,
 To swell with life through every pore,
 And bud afresh with foliage green.
 The withered branch again shall glow,
 Till o'er the earth its shade extend,
 And this—the gift of foe to foe—
 Become the gift of friend to friend.

*England and the United States were then at war.

SENTIMENT AND LIFE.

"I have no home," a little wanderer said,
 A poor, half-famished, ragged child;
 "I have no father, he is long since dead;
 I never knew that mother on me smiled."
 And then the people all about him sighed,
 Some asked him when his father, mother died,
 And where that night he meant to lay his head.
 He could not answer. Quickly all but one
 Went on their way—some dropping a few pence
 In his thin hand, thinking their work was done.
 Then silently the one withdrew him thence
 Unto her home, a cellar dark and deep,
 Where on a straw pallet pleasant dreams were won.
 She dreamed the child's mother from Heaven came,
 And kissed her in her sleep.

SKETCHES.

A FATHER'S CLAIM TO A CHILD.

A TRUE STORY.

AARON BURR'S GREAT PLEA.

Many years ago I happened to be one of the referees in a case that excited unusual interest in our courts, from the singular nature of the claim, and the strange story which it disclosed. The plaintiff was a captain of a merchant ship trading principally with the West Indies, had married quite early, with every prospect of happiness. His wife was said to have been extremely beautiful, and no less lovely in character.
 After living with her in uninterrupted harmony for five years, during which time two daughters were added to the family, he suddenly resolved to resume his occupation, which he had relinquished on his marriage; and when his youngest child was but three weeks old, sailed for the West Indies. His wife, who was devotedly attached to him, sorrowed deeply at his absence, and found her only comfort in the society of her children and the hopes of his return. But month after month passed away, and he came not, nor did any letters, those insufficient but welcome substitutes, arrive to cheer her solitude. Months lengthened into years, yet no tidings were received from the absent husband; and after hoping against hope, the unhappy wife was compelled to believe that he had found a grave beneath the weltering ocean.
 Her sorrow was deep and heartfelt, but the evils of poverty were now added to her affliction, and the widow found herself obliged to resort to some employment in order to support her children. Her needle was her only resource, and for ten years she labored early and late for the miserable pittance which is ever bestowed on an humble seamstress.
 A merchant in New York, in moderate yet prosperous circumstances, accidentally became acquainted with her, and pleased with her gentle manners no less than her extreme beauty, endeavored to improve their acquaintance with friendship. After some months he offered his hand, and was accepted. As the wife of a successful merchant, she soon found herself in the enjoyment of comforts and luxuries such as she had never possessed. Her children, such as she had, and received from him every advantage, which wealth and affection could procure. Fifteen years passed away; the daughters married, and by their step-father were furnished with every comfort requisite to their new vocation of house-keepers. But they had hardly quitted their roof when their mother was taken ill. She died, and from that time until the period of which I speak, the widower resided with the youngest daughter.
 Now comes the strangest part of the story. After an absence of thirty years, during which time no tidings had been received from him, the first husband returned, as suddenly as he had departed. He had changed the ship, adopted

another name, and spent the whole of that long period on the ocean with only transient visits on shore, while taking in or discharging cargoes; and being careful never to come nearer home than New Orleans. Why he had acted in this unpardonable manner towards his family, no one could tell, and he obstinately refused all explanation.
 There were strange rumors of slave-trading and piracy afloat, but they were only conjecture rather than the truth. Whatever might have been his motive for his conduct, he was certainly anything but indifferent to his family concerns when he returned. He raved like a madman when informed of his wife's second marriage and subsequent death, vowing vengeance upon his successor, and terrifying his daughters with most awful threats, unless they refused to acknowledge his claims. He had returned wealthy; and one of the mean reptiles of the law, who are always to be found crawling about the halls of justice, advised him to bring suit against the second husband, assuring him that he could recover heavy damages. The absurdity of instituting a claim for a wife whom death has already rescued from the jurisdiction of earthly laws, was so manifest, it was at length agreed by all parties to leave the matter to referees.

It was on a bright and beautiful afternoon in spring, when we met to hear this singular case. The sunlight beamed through the dusty court room, and shed a halo around the plaintiff's harsh features, which were even thrown in still bolder relief by the same beam which softened the placid countenance of his adversary.
 The plaintiff's lawyer made a most eloquent appeal for his client, and had we been informed about the matter, our hearts would have been melted by his touching description of the return of the desolate husband, and the agonies with which he now beheld his household goods removed to consecrate a stranger's hearth.
 The celebrated Aaron Burr was counsel for the defendant, and we anticipated from him a splendid display of oratory. Contrary to our expectations, however, Burr made no attempt to confute his opponent's oratory. He merely opened a book of statutes, and pointing with his thin finger to one of the pages, desired his referees to read it while he retired to bring in the *pro rata* witness. We had scarcely finished the section, which fully decided the matter in our minds, when Burr re-entered with a tall and elegant female leaning on his arm. She was attired in a simple white dress, with a wreath of ivy leaves encircling her large straw bonnet, and a lace veil completely concealing her countenance. Burr whispered a few words apparently encouraging her to advance, and then gracefully raising her veil, disclosing to us a face of proud, surpassing beauty. I recollect, as well as if it had happened yesterday, how simultaneously the note of admiration burst from the lips of all present.—Turning to the plaintiff, Burr asked in a cold tone:—

"Do you know her?"
 Answer—"I do."
 Burr—"Will you swear to that?"
 A—"I will; to the best of my knowledge and belief, she is my daughter."
 Burr—"Can you swear to her identity?"
 A—"I can."
 Burr—"What is her age?"
 A—"She was thirty years old on the 20th day of April."
 Burr—"When did you last see her?"
 A—"At her own house, about a fortnight since."
 Burr—"When did you last see her previous to that meeting?"

The plaintiff hesitated—a long pause ensued—the question was repeated, and the answer at length was:—

"On the 14th of May, 17—."
 "When she was just three weeks old," added Burr. "Gentlemen," continued he, turning to us, "I have brought this lady here as an important witness, and such I think she is. The plaintiff's counsel has pleaded eloquently in behalf of the bereaved husband, who escaped the perils of the sea, and returned to find his home desolate. But who will picture to you the lovely wife, bending over her daily toil, devoting her best years to the drudgery of sordid poverty, supported only by the hope of her husband's return? Who will picture the slow progress of her sickening, the wasting anguish of hope deferred, and finally, the overwhelming agony which came as her last hope was extinguished, and she was compelled to believe herself a widow. Who can depict all this without awakening in your hearts the warmest sympathy for the deserted wife, and the uttermost scorn for the mean, pitiful wretch, who would thus trample on the heart of her whom he had sworn to love and cherish? Whether it was love of gain, or licentiousness, or self-indifference, it matters not; he is too vile a thing to be judged by such laws as govern men. Let us ask the witness, she who now stands before us, with the frank, fearless brow of a true-hearted woman; let us ask which of these two has been to her a father."

Turning to the lady, in a tone whose sweetness was in strange contrast with the scornful accent which had just characterized his words, he besought her to relate briefly the recollections of her early life. A slight flush passed over her proud and beautiful face as she replied:—

"My first recollections are of a small, ill-furnished apartment, which my sister and myself shared with my mother. She used to carry out every Saturday evening the work which had occupied her during the week, and bring back for the following one. Saving that journey to her employers, and her regular attendance at church, she never left the house. She then spoke of my father, and his anticipated return, but at length she used to weep more frequently than ever. I then thought she wept because we were poor, for it sometimes happened that our only support was a bit of bread, and she was accustomed to sew by the light of chips, which she kindled to warm her famishing children, because she could not purchase a candle without depriving us of our morning meal. Such was our poverty when my mother contracted a second marriage, and the change to us was like a sudden entrance into paradise. We found a home and a father."

"Would you excite my child against me?" cried the plaintiff, as he impatiently waved his hand for her to be silent.
 The eyes of the witness flashed fire as she spoke.
 "You are not my father," she exclaimed, vehemently. "What! call you my father? you who basely left your wife to toil, and your children to beggary? Never! never! Behold, there is my father," pointing to the agitated defendant; "there is the man who watched over my infancy—who was the sharer of my sports and the guardian of my inexperienced youth. There is he who claims my affection, and shares my home; there is my father. For yonder selfish wretch, I know him not. The best years of his life have been spent in lawless freedom from social ties; let him seek elsewhere the companion of his decrepitude, nor dare insult the ashes of my mother, by claiming the duties of kindred from her deserted children."

She drew her veil hastily around her as she spoke, and moved as if to withdraw.

"Gentlemen," said Burr, "I have no more to say. The words of the law are expressed in the book before you; the words of truth you have just heard from woman's pure lips; let us

now to decide according to the requisition of nature, and the decree of justice."

I need not say that our decision was in favor of the defendant, and that the plaintiff followed by the contempt of every honorable man who was present at the trial.

CHILDREN.

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought a number of things. He had a sister who was a child, too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goodness and power of God who made the lovely world.
 They used to say to one another sometimes, "Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the sky, be sorry? They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hill-sides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks, playing at hide and seek in the sky at night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more."

There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at a window. Whoever saw it first cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that, before laying down in their beds, they always looked out once again to bid it good night; and when they were turning in to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, O, very young, the sister dropped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came, all too soon! when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down towards him, as he saw it through his tears.

Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling ray of angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.
 All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying in his bed he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found his sister angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither:—

"Is my brother come?"
 And he said "No."
 She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "O, sister, I am here! Take me!" and then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down towards him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as on the home he was to go to, when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel going before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched his tiny fingers out on his bed and died.
 Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels, with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:—
 "Is my brother come?"
 And he said, "Not that one, but another."
 And the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms; he cried, "O, sister, I am here! Take me!" and she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him and said:—

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son!"
 Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader:—

"Is my brother come?"
 And he said, "Thy mother!"
 A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was re-united to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "O, mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet," and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning grey, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.
 Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"
 And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter."

And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can hear the parting from her, God be praised!"
 And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he had cried so long ago:—

"I see the star."
 They whispered one another, "He is dying."
 And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And O, my Father, now I thank thee that it has so often opened, to receive those dear ones who await me!"
 And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.—Dickens' New Paper, Household Words.

SLAVERY.

DR. ELLIOTT ON SLAVERY.

At the last session of the General Conference, Dr. Elliott was appointed to write the History of the M. E. Church for the four years preceding 1848. In an article from the Doctor's pen in the last number of the Western Christian Advocate he says:—

On surveying the entire character of the historical subject referred to him as his theme, the subscriber found the topic of slavery involved at every step. This led him to as thorough a study of this great subject as his abilities and means of information would admit. The result of this investigation was the preparation of a work entitled "The Sinfulness of American Slavery," which is now in press; also, the collection of materials for another volume, to be entitled "Servitude and Slavery;" and the ecclesiastical consideration of slavery is reserved for the contemplated history, to which it properly belongs.

The work now in press will be in two duodecimo volumes, and is entitled, "The Sinfulness of American Slavery," proved.

I. From its evil origin, and its identity in moral characteristics with the African slave-trade, to which it succeeds.

II. From its injustice, or its depriving its subjects of just rights, such as liberty, the pursuit of happiness, and the other rights connected with these.

III. From its injuries, or wrongs, which it inflicts on its subjects.

IV. From its contrariety to Scriptural prohibitions, Scriptural commands, Scriptural principles, and the Christian spirit.

V. And from its evil effects on the slave, the master, and the community.

These sources of argument to prove the sinfulness of slavery are traced out in twenty-nine chapters, in which there is a constant recurrence to holy Scripture.

The material is now collected for another volume, to be entitled "Servitude and Slavery." Considerable preparations have been made for the history. The whole ground has been pretty accurately surveyed. The entire matter, on all sides of the points involved in the controversy, has been collected from the periodicals, and placed in scrap-books of convenient size. The material scattered through about sixty volumes of folio newspapers has thus been brought within practicable bounds in some eight volumes, of about fifteen inches square, with three columns on each page. These volumes will contain all that has been written in the newspapers, chronologically arranged, and so adjusted that every article is referred, by accurate dates, to its proper author, or responsible authority. All the books and pamphlets issued on the subject will be given. The important documents, too, will be given, with the authentic tests of their genuineness, in connection with the narrative.

No time will be lost in preparing the history. After the most careful inquiry, I am persuaded that the Methodist Discipline on the subject of slavery is Scriptural, and will bear the test of the most searching scrutiny. I am also convinced that it cannot, in its elementary principles, be changed, or be made different, in any material point, from what it has been, or now is. To make non-slaveholding, in all cases, in a slave country, a test of membership, would be both unjust and impossible. If the church today were free from slaveholders, by its inheritance one single day will introduce them. No persons in practice, or with a plea of justice, do differently. The thing is impossible. Nor is this declaration inconsistent with the strong views of the sinfulness of slavery presented above. Well did the Baltimore Conference declare that they could not be in fellowship with a church which would make non-slaveholding, in all cases, a term of membership. The reason is plain that such a term is impracticable and unjust; and, however, in theory a few small churches have attempted this, they have not yet succeeded in carrying it out to any practical and influential extent. It is unjust to charge and treat a man as a sinner, because another, or the State, has made him a slaveholder, according to law, without his act or knowledge; and should the members of the church be rid of slaveholders just now, the week will not pass till some of them are legal owners of slaves. But every man, when thus possessed of slaves, owns them only as stolen property, and is, therefore, bound to set them free, as soon as this can be done under the guidance of humanity and mercy, and the best interests of the slaves. Besides, the religious instruction imparted to slaves through the Methodist Episcopal Church has done more for the beneficial emancipation of the slaves than all other means put together; and the energy and zeal to which this is now continued by the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is beyond all praise, and will do much for the colored race. Nor have the British Wesleyans ever made non-slaveholding a term of membership, as some have asserted. Slaveholders of a certain class were approved members of the Wesleyan churches in the West Indies, till the glorious day of universal emancipation shed its cheering light on the West India Islands; and slaveholders will never be entirely excluded from the Methodist Episcopal Church while the system exists in the Union; and the attempted practice of some churches, and the inconsistent theories of individuals on this point, only prove the truth of our statements here, which we will, God willing, fully prove in another place.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

JOHN WESLEY, oldest son of Bro. Calvin GARLAND, died in Portsmouth, N. H., April 9, aged nearly 85. He had been a member of the M. E. Sabbath School in Rye, N. H., for many years, and as such endeared himself to his teacher, superintendent and pastor by his serious deportment, not only in the Sabbath School, but during all his exercises of worship on God's holy day. But above all he has endeared himself by his filial affection and brotherly kindness, to his bereaved and deeply afflicted parents and little brothers and sisters whom he has lost to mourn his early departure. He was peculiar for his obedience and faithfulness to his parents, and kindness and affection towards his younger brothers and sisters. During his long and painful sickness he often manifested this trait in a remarkable manner, throwing his arms around them and kissing them affectionately as they approached his bed of suffering. When asked by his mother if he wished to get well, he replied, "Yes, to please you and father," but on his own account expressed no desire to recover. Thus has God removed from this dear family an honored member of promise, to establish it again in a more genial soil in the garden of paradise. The afflicted may be cheered with the hope of meeting him again in heaven if faithful to the end.

L. D. BLODGETT.
 Rye, N. H., April 16.
 Mrs. ANN GLEASON, wife of Joseph Gleason, and daughter of Thaddeus and Lavina Luce, died in Union, Me., Feb. 17, aged 42 years. She was awakened and converted in her youthful days, and immediately connected herself with the M. E. Church, of which she continued a worthy and exemplary member until the close of her earthly pilgrimage. Her last illness was

short, and of such a character as to forbid free conversation, yet she manifested that patience and resignation to the last which had characterized her Christian course. By the death of sister Gleason, the church in Union is deprived of one of its brightest ornaments, and her husband of an amiable and excellent wife.
 BENJ. BRYANT.

PLOUGHS.

Report of the Committee on the trial of Ploughs, which took place at the meeting of the Agricultural Society at Northampton, Mass., on Thursday, the 18th of October last.

GENTLEMEN:—Your executive committee, to whom was referred the subject of awarding premiums on Ploughs, have attended to that duty, and ask leave to submit the following Report:—The plough lies at the foundation of agricultural progress, and any improvement in its construction or use, diminishes the cost of production, and is so far beneficial to all who eat bread.

With a view to the trial of ploughs, the committee had provided a Dynamometer of the most improved construction, with a stationary power for moving the plough, and other apparatus for obtaining the weight of the furrow turned, which altogether was deemed capable of giving with nice precision the amount of work performed by each plough, and the amount of team-labor expended in performing it; facts which would at once show the comparative economy of using the different ploughs submitted to the test, and assist the committee in coming to a correct decision on the premises.

The ploughs submitted for the premium, comprising not less than ten different sizes and adapted to different soils, were all of one manufacture, from Messrs. Prouty & Mears, of Boston, and constructed as they claim, with a view to a "centre draft" principle.

No other competitor appearing on the field for trial, the committee were left to judge on the merits of the Messrs. Prouty & Mears' ploughs, by submitting them to the test of the instruments provided for that purpose, and by comparison with other ploughs called good, but not offered for premium, and by following them in the furrows for several hours on three several days as their meeting was adjourned from time to time, and with the further aid of the considerable personal experience of several members of the committee in plough-holding; and witnessing their light draft, easy holding, and excellent work, the committee were unanimous in awarding to Messrs. Prouty & Mears the Society's premium for the best sward plough.

Of the different sizes of "centre draft" ploughs put into their hands for trial, by the Messrs. Prouty & Mears, the committee, in discharge of their duty to the Society, recommended, as a plough for all work, the No. 3 1/2 S. S. as the best plough within their knowledge. Of easy draft, it turns the sward most perfectly, and in a clear, free soil preserves its furrow without a roller; and if the ground is in the best condition for ploughing, nearly prepares it for seeding by its peculiar shape and turn of share and mould board, which pulverize and disarrange the particles of the furrow slice, and consequently aid fermentation and decomposition, and the elaboration of food for plants from the organic matter in the soil; all at much less expense than the same point is obtained by the harrow, and in perfection, perhaps fully equal to that "spade husbandry," which has been termed "the perfection of good culture."

In stubble land the work of this plough was found to be very good, and with the aid of a light chain, made fast one end near the plough clevis, and the other to the right hand whiffletree, with sufficient slack chain to sweep the ground, say, one foot in advance of the plough, the stubble was entirely covered in, and the work pronounced to be of the most perfect and satisfactory description.

This plough is a self-sharpening, and of full medium size, suitable for a single team, and in the opinion of the committee, should be owned by every farmer who keeps but one plough, until it is superseded by a better one. Its self-sharpening point and share add very much to its value, by saving perhaps one half of the expenses of repairing necessary to a common plough point, and this, together with the additional tilth of pulverization given under favorable circumstances over the smooth, hard, flat furrow plough, superceding or greatly reducing the immediate work of the harrow, may be safely said to amount to an ultimate saving of more than the whole first cost of the plough. To follow this plough, is to like it.

Plough No. 25 is a trifle smaller than No. 3 1/2, and in comparison with the weight of soil turned, is rather of the lightest draft of either plough brought forward at the trial. It holds easy, turns a smooth flat furrow, and may safely be recommended to those who prefer that kind of work without regard to pulverization, as the best sward plough for a single team.

Plough No. 72 excited the admiration of the committee, by its easy holding, comparative ease of draft, and good work, and obtained the recommendation of the best sward plough for deep ploughing, or heavy work with a double team.

A true "centre draft" plough is so constructed that the central point of its line of draft, will balance on the central point of the line of resistance, and maintain its given depth and width of furrow in a free and clear soil, without assistance.

If otherwise constructed, the line of draft is more or less oblique to the line of resistance, and requires the labor of a ploughman to counteract the oblique tendency and consequently increase the labor of the team in proportion to waywardness of the plough, and the counteracting struggles of the ploughman.

This was so manifest during the examination and trial, that some of the committee were led to believe that the boasted office of the "wrestling ploughman," was nothing more or less than a necessity growing out of the imperfect construction of the plough; or in other words, the plough holder was needed mainly, to conceal the ignorance or mistakes of the plough-maker.

This view so strongly impressed itself, that it was proposed to recommend to the society, to offer at their next ploughing match, a list of premiums for the best samples of ploughing performed by ploughs without a hand to turn or guide them, except putting in and taking out at the end of the furrows, or when thrown out by accident. Aside from its novelty which may be attractive, it will exhibit the running quality of each plough without concealment, and consequently call out the skill of the plough-maker.

A plough which unaided will keep its depth and width of furrow the most even and perfect in a clear soil, will require the less aid in a rough soil, and its easy draft and easy holding, is scarcely less important in the latter than in the former.

A plough should not depend for its reputation upon the skill of the ploughman, as is many times the case; but it should exhibit the intelligent skill of the manufacturer, if possible, to the extent of dispensing entirely with the aid of the ploughman in giving a specimen of good ploughing; and there is much reason to hope, that through the action of your Society in this matter such implements will be produced that our farmers will soon discard, as worse than useless, every plough that requires the labor of man to keep it from running out or turning over in a clear soil.

In behalf of the Committee,
 WILLIAM CLARK, Chairman.
 Northampton, Nov., 1849.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BOOK-DEPOSITORY. THE SUBSCRIBER would remind his religious and worldly friends, and the rest of mankind, that he is still to be found at No. 56 Cornhill, where he will be happy to supply any kind or quality of Books, Letters, Caps, Bill and Note Papers, Drawing Paper, Ink, Slates, &c. &c., at the very lowest prices, wholesale and retail. Call and see.
 CHARLES WAITE.

ESSAY ON CHRISTIAN UNION. JUST Published, an Essay on Christian Union, by Rev. Chas. Adams. With an Introduction by Thos. DeWitt, D. D. March 20. C. H. PERCIE, No. 5 Cornhill.

REVIVALS OF RELIGION. THE THIRD Edition of this popular work by Rev. James Porter, has just been issued. Its rapid sale furnishes strong evidence of its character and adaptation. The friends of revivals are giving it a wide circulation. Preaching elders, and other ministers and class leaders lay it by the dozen, fifty or hundred copies, and in some cases supply their people at cost. And its effect is glorious. God blesses it to the good of souls. All who want a revival, and wish their people to engage with them in saving sinners, will do well to circulate it. Published by C. H. PERCIE, Boston, and sold at the Methodist Book Stores generally. Price 25 cents, with usual discount to wholesale purchasers. if Aug 22

SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS. PARTICULAR attention will be paid to furnish Bibles and School Books from all of the different Depositories at the lowest Depository prices. Likewise a large assortment of Miscellaneous Books, adapted to Sunday Schools, and Adult Learners, will be kept constantly on hand, and sold at very low prices.
 CHARLES WAITE.

METHODISM IN EARNEST. PERSONS in the vicinity of Hartford, Conn., can obtain this book and the Standard Hymn Book, at the Tailoring and Clothing Store of C. W. TURNER, 264 Main Street, Hartford, Ct., where we solicit calls.
 C. W. TURNER.

HOUSE AND BAKERY FOR SALE, TOGETHER, OR SEPARATELY. The House is a two-story high, and contains 14 good sized, well arranged rooms, with out-buildings for wood, stabling for four horses, good well of water, &c. The land is about half an acre, and is situated on the main street of a village.
 The Bakery is all new, with every apparatus for carrying on the business; an excellent chance for the Baking or any other business.
 The location is healthy and pleasant, and is within twelve miles of a large city.
 For further particulars, inquire of REV. THOMAS GREEN, Hallow, Springfield, Me. if-Jan 22

LOWELL WATER-CURE. THIS ESTABLISHMENT, now entering upon its fourth year, offers to those who wish to avoid themselves the usual evils of the water treatment, one of the most comfortable, convenient and inviting retreats of the kind in New England. It is situated on the Dracut River, about half a mile from the city of Lowell, occupying a position that is elevated and airy, overlooking the whole city and surrounding country, presenting to the view one of the finest prospects in the country. The house is sufficiently large to accommodate from 30 to 40 patients, and fitted up in superior style with a bathing department, furnished with an endless variety of pure water, and arranged as to be inviting and easy of access by invalids at all times, from each wing of the building, one of which is occupied by ladies, the other by gentlemen. The bathing-house is furnished with two sets of baths, and so arranged as to be perfectly comfortable to the most delicate patient, even in the coldest weather.
 Terms for board and treatment in this Institution vary from six to nine dollars per week, according to rooms occupied and attentions required.
 All communications for further information, addressed (post paid) to the subscriber, Lowell, will receive prompt attention.
 H. FOSTER, M. D. March 20

G. W. PRUDEN & CO., FURNITURE, Feather, and Carpeting Ware Rooms, Wholesale and Retail, No. 39 Hanover Street, (opposite the head of Portland Street), where may be found a good assortment of Bureaus, Centre Tables, Mattresses, Bedsteads, Dining & Common do. Carpets, Sofas, Trunks, &c. &c. Card Tables, Feather Beds, Looking Glasses, and all other articles usually kept in a Furniture Store, and warranted to be of good quality, and at as low prices as at any other establishment in the city.
 G. W. PRUDEN, A. BURRELL. March 3

FURNITURE AND FEATHER WAREHOUSE, Nos. 48 and 52 Blackstone Street. W. F. & E. H. BRADBROOK would inform their friends and customers, that they continue at their Old Stand, which may be found a good assortment of Furniture and Feather Ware, Looking Glasses, &c.